



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



DIVERSIONS OF THE RE-ECHO CLUB

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Re-Echo Club held a meeting in their pleasant club room at No. 4 Poetic Mews, and a mild discussion arose concerning the merits of the classic poem called "Tipperary." The President of the club thought that it was a long, long way from being poetry, but others demurred at this, and some held that it had a lyrical heart-interest that was just too sweet for anything. However, all agreed that the mechanism of the theme could be refurbished up a bit, and each was willing to have a stab at it.

It is with pleasure we are able to present our readers with the refurbished versions:

BY MR. A. SWINBURNE

Deep eyes, with long, lush lashes curling;
Fair neck, like an ivory tower;
White teeth, through the scarlet lips pearly
Like foam on a fire-flaming flower;
On a high head held proud as a heron
Red ringlets all riotous curl;
Oh, slim, slender Siren of Erin,
My Tip'rary Girl.

Oh, colleen of all colleens sweetest,
Why art thou so far, far away?
Though my feet flee of all feet the fleetest,
To reach thee takes many a day.
For thee I desert Piccadilly,
For thee, Leicester Square I give o'er;
My lithe, lissom lass,—my love-lily,
Mavourneen, ashore!

BY MR. O. WILDE

Oh, but the maid was fair to see,
(Shamrock and peat and a bunch of snakes!)
Sweet as pale honey of the bee,
In Tipperary town dwelt she,
(And I wail and I whoo with aches!)

The way is long and long to fare,
(Och hone, potatoes and peat!)
Boo! Piccadilly and Leicester Square!
Where is my heart? Oh, yes, right there!
(Whurroo! but the girl is sweet!)

BY MR. R. KIPLING

In the town of Tipperary,
Lookin' pretty as can be,
There's an Irish girl a-settin'
And I'm 'fraid she's mad at me;
For I seem to hear her calling
And I seem to hear her say:
"Come you back, you British soldier,
Come back Tipperary way!"

So, of course, I cannot stay,
I must fly right off to-day,
It's a long, long way to travel, and I must be
on my way.
From Leicester Square I fly,
Piccadilly, too, good-bye!
For if I should fail to show up, I don't know
what she would say!

BY MR. D. G. ROSSETTI

That Blessed Irish Girl leaned out
From her father's bar in Erin;
Her eyes were greener than the bit
Of shamrock she was wearin'.
She had three suitors for her hand
But little she was carin'!

The way to Tipperary's long,
But I have got the fare;
To Piccadilly I've said 'By,
Farewell to Leicester Square.
I'm headed Tipperary way,
I'm off! (My heart's right there!)

BY MR. O. KHAYYAM

When you and I beyond the veil have passed,
A long, long time, the long, long way shall last;
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As Milo's self should heed a plaster cast.

Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us went a long, long way to woo,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to trip up on, we must travel too.

Ah, Love, could you and I conspire and dare
To grasp this sorry scheme of things that are,
Would we not shatter Tipperary, then
Rebuild it nearer, say, to Leicester Square?

BY MR. R. L. STEVENSON

The Irish Girl, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She kisses me with all her might,
I hate from her to part.

She wanders waiting, here and there,
And so, I cannot stay,
But gladly fly from Leicester Square
Out Tipperary way.

BY LORD A. TENNYSON

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown;
I love a little Irish girl
Who lives in Tipperary town.
Where'er she be's the place for me,
Though it's a long, long way to go;
Kind hearts are more than Leicester Square,
And simple joy than Norman's woe.

BY MR. R. BROWNING

Is Tipperary far? Egregious sir!
That same justificative query might
Be put to twenty clericates! Gadzooks!
Far! far! Ods bodikins! 'Tis far and far—
A long, long way—add a long way to that,—
And all too short the scanty span you splash!
Elaphion of the Persic dance might frisk
Across the beggar world. Tut! Such another,—
boh!
Girl-golding slip of beauty! Love's own lure,—
(The quintessential sweetness of the thought!)
Glut, Piccadilly, on my gulped good-bye!
And, Leicester Square, fondle my flung farewell!
While I, well willing, wend a winning way
To Tipperary,—there's my waiting heart!

BY MISS A. A. PROCTER

Seated one day at the station,
Till my train should come in sight,
I spied an Irish colleen
Like a vision of pure delight.

She wasn't from Piccadilly,
She wasn't from Leicester Square;
But wherever she may have hailed from
I know that my heart's right there!

I have sought, but I seek her vainly,
That red-haired lass divine,
Who came from the train at the junction
And entered into mine.

She may have been some bright angel
Beyond all earthly ken;
And it may be in Tipperary
I shall see that girl again!

BY MR. A. DOBSON

It's a long, long way
To Tipperary;
Yes, as they say,
It's a long, long way.
I'll start to-day,
My Irish fairy!
It's a long, long way
To Tipperary.

BY MR. E. A. POE

Once upon a midnight dreary, I was very tired
and weary,
On account of social circles going on the night
before;
I was sleeping soundly, very, when there came
an airy fairy
Straight from county Tipperary, tapping at my
chamber door.
"Tis *some* vision!" then I muttered; tapping
at my chamber door.
So it was, and nothing more.

Now, my footsteps, never slowing, still are going,
still are going,
That long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl
I know;
I've no use for Piccadilly; Leicester Square to
me seems silly;
And I hasten, willy-nilly (it's a long, long way
to go!)
To that rare and radiant maiden, but I want to
be her beau,—
And I've got to tell her so!

From Cassell's Magazine of Fiction, London.